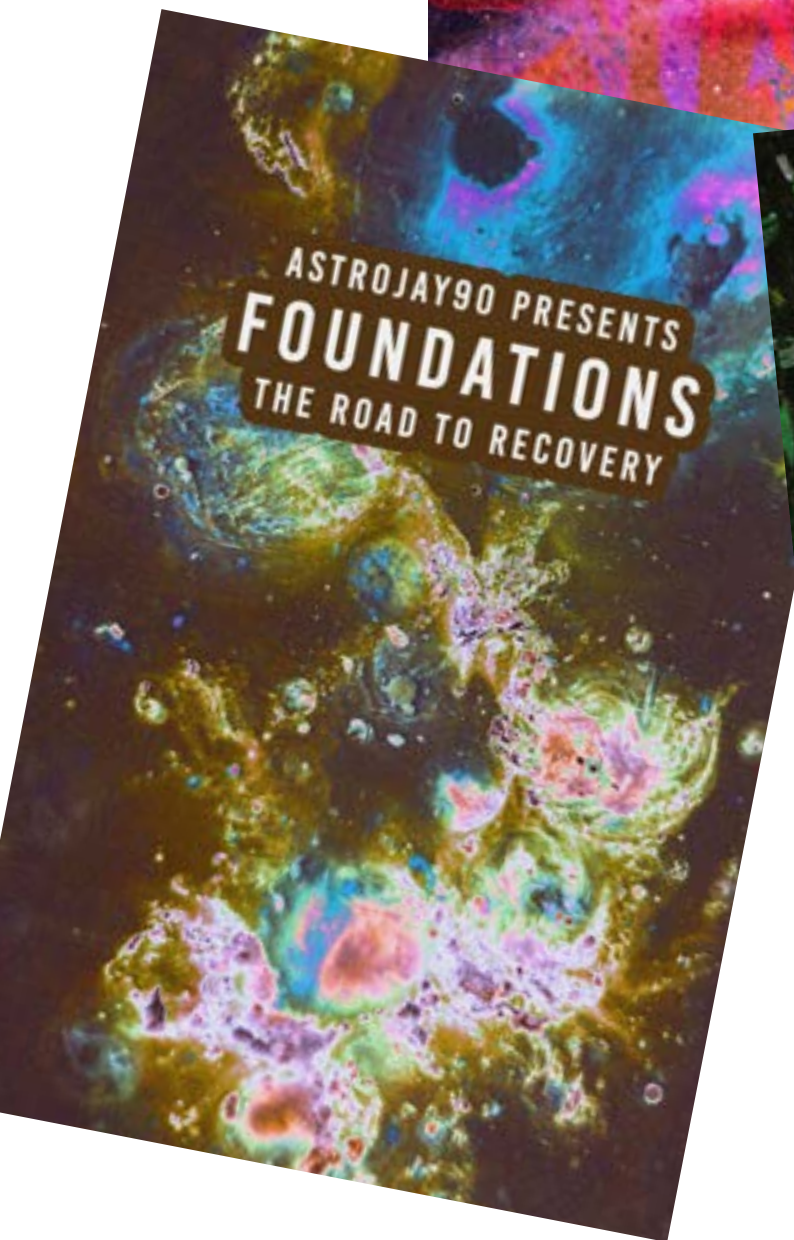
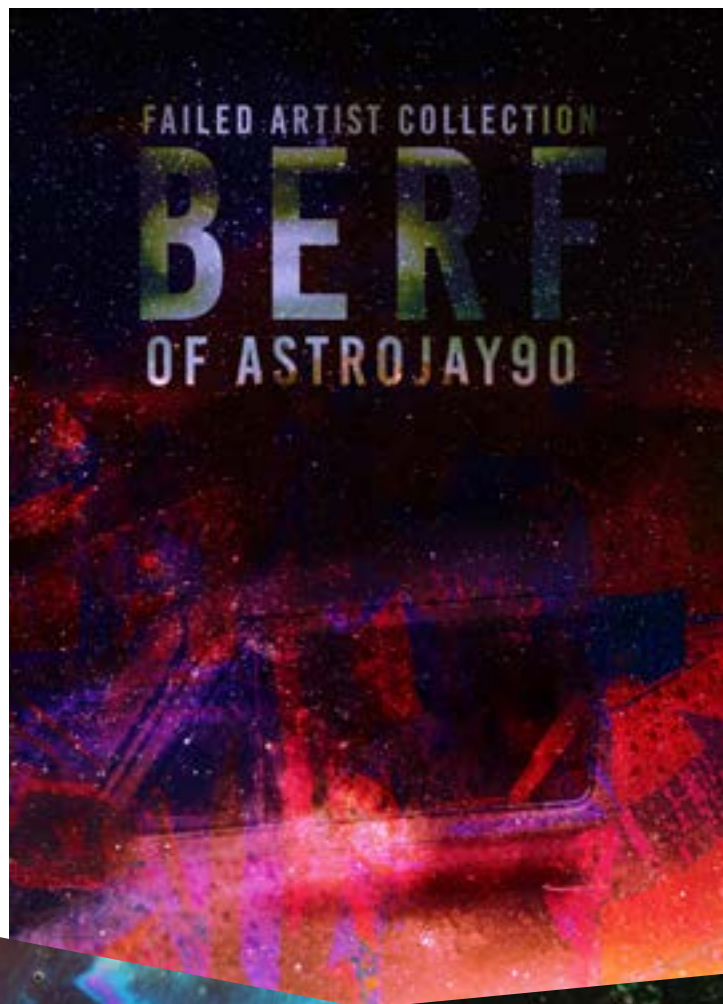


The background is a complex, abstract collage of various colored fragments. There are large, irregular shapes in shades of green, orange, and purple, some of which appear to be torn pieces of paper or fabric. These are set against a dark, textured background that looks like a night sky with stars or a dense forest at night. The overall effect is one of fragmentation and mystery.

ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS

FRAGMENTS

PIECES OF A BROKEN MIND



Foreword

What a privilege to help a dear friend edit this book. A dear friend, a beautiful soul and one of the most jarring, emotive and genuine poetic voices I have ever heard.

Poetry born from reality. From inaction. From darkness, and light. Drawn from a desire to change oneself, and to change the world. Spirit dimmed by experience, but never truly destroyed.

The power of rising again, like a phoenix, from pain and heartbreak. I feel Jason's words because they echo my own pain. Like my soul has been mined and placed on the page by somebody who truly has felt pain themselves.

Enjoy this journey, but be sure to pause and take a breath, lest you be swept away by the many breathtaking, heart-stopping moments you'll experience here.

Matthew Barnes, April 2018

Nothing

From 'nothing' we are born.
From 'nothing' we exist.
'Nothing', no concept of this.
Spiral in the brain.
Will I miss the sun?
Will I miss the rain?
I have to continue through the pain.
If not for me, for the one's I've made.
I know we can be the difference that we want to make.

Womb

In the womb.
I ran out of room.
So I ran from the womb.
Now, I have too much room.

Stardust

We are stardust living on a crust,
that always moves and always adjust.
We are always adapting and giving our trust.
I know I can help you although I'm still a little rough.
Blinded by nothing.
Blinded by everything.
Living in the something.
We are stardust.
We can be more.
Rather than just being enough

Art In Human Behaviour

There's Judy going for her sixtieth break.
Another cigarette to take.
She sits there remembering the days by the lake.
The plastic windows reflect her face.
She cries out loud at her mistakes, whilst thinking to herself.
George, I wish I could take your place.

Art In Human Behaviour II

You know what John.
Cut Judy some slack.
Take some time out and learn to relax.

Art in Human Behaviour III

The stress weighed heavy like a cart of broken boulders.
I bet I could carry more on my shoulders.
The boulders ultimately worthless except for some shiny pieces of gold.
To hide the secret that nobody knows.
Relax, I am relaxed!
Heading for another relapse.

Art In Human Behaviour IV

Trust in humans will send you crazy.
John lost his baby.
Judy got lazy.
Nobody can save me.
Infused with self-importance.
Confused by your self-portrait.
Abstract artistry.
Squares for eyes.
Nose out of place.
Hexagonal diagonals.
The outline of my face painted with lemons.
Bitter be the taste, sweet could be the rest of our days.
Unshackle these chains.

Quiet By Cleaning

Dream after dream, if I had a judging mind, it'd be scream after scream.
There's a voice saying, "you must return, as you've got much to learn."
Sitting here then sitting there, still just vaping away the cares.
Through the thick of the vapour I need my inhaler.
Through suffering we endure, we find that we are made of much more.
We can adapt and overcome, I'm sure.
Quiet by cleaning just to gamble on the stalls.
When we should've gambled by answering the call.
Three more years down the drain trying to smoke away this pain.
Sat on a bench in the rain, sat on the tables during the rays, but all terrible
things must crumble away.
Or we force ourselves to stagnate.

The Material Game

Deranged blame game.
Use my name for shame.
Crucify me, crucify my brain.
I can't hope, I can't cope with all this pain.
Worthless like dirt this is my refrain.
Life expels you it's just a game.

Why Do You Do This To Me

Verbally abuse me, physically too, try to torture me because you couldn't be true.
Tied to the bed, tied to the door, now I'm tethered to the floor.
Depression sits on my chest, wave after wave and I still can't catch a breath.
Caught between gravity, depression, oppression and the colour blue.

Why Do I Do This To Me

Being a wage slave coerces me out of the depths for an hour or four.
Unable to handle these repetitive chores.
I can't be tethered to my debt any more.
No choice but to endure.

Why Do We Do This To Ourselves.

Why do you do this to me.
Why do I do this to me.
Why do we do this to ourselves.
We've fallen for the illusion hook line and sinker.
Overpowered by the prover and drunk on the power of the thinker.

Fort Doorson Crumbles

Returning to the scene of the crime, hoping it would hurt less with time.
These days have taught me more than I could've asked for.
More than I would've asked for, there's a grace that comes from these troubles.
We prefer to learn through pleasure than through pain, however, both get us to
the same place.

With every subsequent visit we can feel the energy radiating,
the energy we left there to allow new life to grow.
We've grown a lot since then.
We've become brave and we've found a form of zen.

Nothing good can last without a plan.
Nothing good can last without intervention.
Nothing good can last whilst we're clinging.

Dreams

Dreams never last.
Visions of future.
Visions of past.
Alternate timelines.
The reverb of your last laugh.
Resonating between the cracks.
Moments need to be seized and moments
should be allowed to pass.
Moments are moments, they will never last.
Good, neutral or bad.

Swallow Me

Shallow earth.
Swallow me whole.
Don't regurgitate me.
As you eat my holes.

I Never Asked For This

I forfeit my medal from the sperm race.
To allow another soul to take my place.
You learn and live from your mistakes.
There's never enough time for hate.

Cremation

Ashes.
Dust.
Fragments of bones.
Fragments of lust.
Ours.
Yours.
Is it ever enough?

See Me

If you could see me.
Really see me.
Would you notice the disparity?

Process

Feeling great.
Look at that sunshine.
The world is going to explode.
We're all going to die.
The world doesn't want me to be happy.
That's what I decide.
I give up all hope.
I go to bed.
I can start tomorrow again.

Process II

Feeling great.
Feeling like I'm flowing.
Feeling like I'm all knowing.

Process III

You sit in my back seat.
A vision of my childhood dreams.
I hush away your crying screams.
A cool gust, a soothing breeze.
I turn the radio down to look around.
I'm back in this part of town.
Not been back since I left.
The process of patterns is my test.

Process IV

Wallowing in regret.
The mistakes I'd met.
I didn't refuse their request.
Alcoholism, all in jest.
A liberated mess.
The process of patterns was my test.
I've had to switch it all on its head.

Process V

A mess but nobody notices.
Jim and Jack kept me company.
Sometimes I'd need a Russian friend.
To help me to stay sane.

Process VI

Lost interest, trapped in the barrel.
Then out of nowhere a message that can't be declined.
The text enshrined behind illuminated lights.

Option I

Work hard just like Dave.
Slaving away and riddled with pain.
Underappreciated.
Taken in vain.
Paying to get poor again.
Because the 'man always needs to be paid.

Option II

Work hard just like Dave.
Feel wonderful and free of pain.
Paying to retire with a handsome sum.
Taking care of others with gorgeous grub.
Competition doesn't have to be based on survival.
Just create a new tax policy based on thriving.
We are all dying, so why's nobody really trying?
Inaction will be the death of you and of our kind.
The earth will die and so will life from the perspective of this mind.

Gold or Green

Choose your poison.
Gold or green.
Holographic computer screens.
Oh, how we worship our Queen with dead poets and silent screams.
Varnished with gold.
Tarnished in green.
The living no longer decree.
The deceased grow old.
I need some belief.
Choose your poison.
Gold or green
It's all worthless when we're deceased.

West Of The Brook

Lead me west from the brook.
I've simply had enough.
Looking for redemption.
Crying for trust.
All the strength I must muster.
Just hope I won't fluster.

Drain

The sound of the drain echoes as our sins slip away.
The sound of the drain echoes as we start a new day.
Keeping up appearances
Wash, shave, wash again.
Brush teeth, look at the mirror.
Whose that staring blankly at me.
Smile for show.
Please don't go.
Shield the darkness.
Please don't go.

Trainwreck

You were a train, now you're a wreck.
Remember the test?
Remember the text?
Did you forget it was me who kept you afloat?
I was your raft, I was your boat.
Barely surviving, I laugh; we are thriving.
We are barely alive in this game because you couldn't have
your material gains.
Turning on the crocodile tears, getting ready for a tantrum.
I'm here, begging for your open ears.
I'm here, crying for the answer
You were a train, now you're a wreck.
I'll try to salvage you my dear, wipe away those tears.
The cycle begins again.
It never truly disappears.
Even in the flames of what we held dear .
We were a train, now we are a wreck.

Catch Your Breath

Awareness of death.
Impending doom, unrest.
Another sip.
Another guess.
Casket comes around too fast.
Echoes of the future are now the distant past.

Stationary 1

Paralysed, gripped by fear.
All my worries are abstract.
In contrast, they are still unclear.
Turn over my head.
Stay in slumber.
Untested.
Tossing, turning.

Stationary 2

The main course eating dirt.
I wonder who I've hurt.
Goals and obligations.
Declarations so absurd.
Revolving, never evolving.
Body being consumed by the earth.

Honest

I hide behind witty replies.
To distract from the heartbreak which resides.
I have given all I can give.
Without the need for replies.
Alone, I'm burnt.
Why did I go through the fire? Only to get hurt.
Nobody came for me, is this my just deserts?
Second guesses up to umpteen.
As I curse, "Ouch! that hurts."
Wish I was keeping a secret, so I could come clean.
I'm sitting here anxiously, fluctuating mindfully.
As I unravel at the seams slowly being crushed by a wooden beam,
trying not to take it personally.

Ghost, Oh Ghost

Let's raise a toast.
To the mighty ghost.
Chestnuts in the fire as they roast.
I hope you never lead me down the wrong road.
My mind's filled with paths I no longer travel on.
Ghost, oh ghost, when you've gone, will the thorn splinter?
Uncomfortable the seat I stumble upon.
As I sit back to take notes, please don't fail me.
Ghost, oh ghost.

Millennial Disease

We were the future.
We were the hope.
Hamilton's tyre screeching as I busted my nose.
Murray winning Wimbledon not once but twice.
On the cusp of a new reality, on the cusp of a new life.
We've never felt more alive with a rush of excitement that's not so discreet.
Living with your parents and counting their receipts.
Stuck in the same room since you were three.
Pretending you're living the life of luxury.
Touting social media lies whilst the audience cries out loud, "hypocrisy!"

Do You Only Exist For Me?

Does it make you nervous?
How someone so different can make you feel so loved?
Make you feel like you are more than enough.
Will I become the enemy because you can't accept what you deserve.
Will I become the enemy because you don't know your own worth.
If I blink would you leave me with memories.
If we sink could we live eternally.
Not as friends but as enemies.
I'd rather not waste the energy.

A Loveless Misery

I appreciate that you tried your best.
You just couldn't clean up my mess.
Not a jibe, just a well-placed shot.

I'm just going to shrug it off.

We can argue and create space.
Our infinity dies tonight because you never tried.
Was I just a distraction to fill up your lonely nights.

Values

Fall out of loop with my values.
Drown it out with the sound of flutes.
Where are my values
What are my truths.

Doubts I

On top of the mountain are you.
I am sure that you knew.
That's the way I felt about you.
On top of the mountain are you.

Doubts II

I didn't need a reply.
I was acting all bashful and shy.
You read it and then told a lie.
I didn't need a reply.

Doubts III

It's best as a trilogy.
You are my back up tyre.
So I will never tire of you.
It's best as a trilogy.

Archives

Ghosting me for what I've revealed.
Those hours are now sealed.
Private film reels in my museum.

Ignorance

You looked right through me.
I was beneath you or so the story goes.
You're nothing special so I go home.
Pleading ignorance to another lost soul.

Emotions on a Page

Messenger, the good old days.
Where your personality could hide your age.
Time flew by, what a daze.
I guess I'm caught in a nostalgic haze.
Even when I hated the good old days.
The empty impression that you've made.
Self-doubt, self-hate, and my self-loathing ways.
Wasn't all bad, I wasn't always mad, I wasn't always sad.
Too easy to highlight your own mistakes.

Crippling, Oh!

You know what hurts me so?
The way you never notice though.
Even when I am right there.
I know I shouldn't be so self-serving.
But, I feel like I'm deserving.
These are the ideas that need curbing.
Everyday I'm still learning.
It never stops the yearning.
It's crippling, oh.

Diverse

We are diverse.
We are the same.
That shouldn't make us angry, it should keep us sane.
A looping paradox which blocks the brain.
Virus, infection, disease, got to be them from overseas.
We never share the blame.
We just set out to maim.
Guess it's just another round of the game.

Honey, I've Gone to Pot

I've broken a lot of things.
It's easy to blame on this dis-ease.
I just wish I was honest with me.
Honey, I've gone to pot.
Since you've had me on my knees.
Honey, I've gone to pot.
Trying to cure this dis-ease.

I Tip My Hat

Did that make you choke?
Did it sound like a great joke?
Was it lost on a fool's head? I hope.
For the media will cause a frenzy.
My sponsors will suspend me.
For I defy the oath.
I live for the rhythm.
The wind through the oats.
Not for the sycophants.
Sometimes living for chokes.
Other times living for jokes.
I tip my hat if you know.
I beg forgiveness if you don't.

Reality Equals Fantasy

Sometimes we exist.
Just so we can dream dreams of granting a wish.
Fantasy will conquer the dis-ease.
Unless your dis-ease is fed by imagining this form in the infinity.
I am sorry - you are now deceased.

REF I

Sorry for being blunt.
I've been cooking this beef joint.
I oppose the hunt.
Unless it's for lunch.

REF II

I couldn't help it.
Living by the sea.
Manic toes are knee deep.

REF III

Remember that old computer.
Don't forget what it said.
Listen to the voice inside your head.

REF IV

A self-taught hallucination.
When you're caught in a fantasy.
A dreamscape can help create a landscape.
Your only bound by the limits of your head.
Detached from the room, detached from us and them.
The words are seeds waiting to bloom.

When Reality Equals Fantasy

The bang of the bass drum looms.
Don't fear your maker.
For you are the architect of your reality.

Blurred Vision

Out of my slumber I awoke.
My head was all but broke.
I need to fix it.
I want to choke?
All that just for a joke.
Risk everything for a reaction.
Did you not learn from the ghost?

The Isle

I dreamed of you.
A beauty, a masterpiece.
My heart broke when the troubles arose.
Why do your people destroy you.
Only God knows.

Whisper

What did the barn ask?
After it heard you whispering.
It asked why have you been whimpering.
I tried to distract it with my singing.
The phone it was a ringing.
So I drop the act.
I walk off the stage.
With no clever rhymes to say.
The emerald will always be in our heart.

Glass Chocolate

Sharp shards scrape my skin.
Broken ceiling, elevated sin.
Chocolate still melted.
Chocolate still in moulds.
Be careful of the foil when you unfold.

Robot

Too awake for the modern world.
I know I'm too awake.
Eat it up, don't miss a bit.
Oh, how I struggled for this?
Eat it up, the mirror never lies.
You know how it was to be him.
System shutdown. Reboot.

Still There?

For lines and lines I've been skirting around the issues.
The issues that mean the most to me.
So don't turn the page or skip ahead.
Stay with me.
I'm going to be direct.
Still there?
Still there?
Sorry for repeating the title here and also there.
I was just wondering are you still there?
Are you invested yet?
Or do you not care?
I promise I'll be direct.
Only if you're still here.

Caution

Stay clear of me.
I fall in love too easily.
Doubtful of deeds, I know what you need.
Never understanding what you mean.
Was your silence an omission,
should I've asked for permission before I told you how I feel.
You mention him as if he's the devil.
Staring at me as if we're on another level.
I feel hopelessly weak, I want to defend thee.
Was your silence an omission,
should I've asked for permission before I told you how I feel.
You can't fake how you feel.
It's so warm it makes my skin peel.
Was your silence an omission?
Or were you just scared of how you feel?
I can never give up on us that's just my deal.

Why Can't We Be Direct?

Why can't we be direct?
If you hate me maybe it's just for the best.
Why can't we be direct?
If you love me, kiss me with no regrets.
Why can't we be direct?
If you don't know, can we be confused together?
Doesn't mean we have to be fused forever.
Why can't we be direct?
Always worried that there's some kind of secret test.
Why can't we be direct?
Does he ever tell you how he feels?
Because I'm dying outside of your magnetic field.

Red

Now you're leaving.
Behind a flurry of texts.
Everything I've loved turned to regret.
What colour is red?
Smash my fist into my head.

Infatuation blues.
I was crazy for you.
Working crazily hard too.
Living on the dark side of the moon.

Rid me of red.
Rid me of blue.
Rid me of the flowers.
Out of focus.
Too much zoom.

I'm Sorry

I'm sorry I smashed the library in.
I'm sorry that you'll never read this.
I'm sorry for saying sorry.
I'm sorry for giving in.
I'm sorry for being human.
I'm sorry for my sin.
I'm sorry for the drugs I've not taken.
I'm sorry for every mistake and sorry I keep breaking.
I'm sorry for the alcohol that I wish was in my veins.
I'm sorry for the alcohol that I wish was in my brain.
I'm sorry for the alcohol because it could never truly numb this pain.
I'm sorry for everything.
Especially this.

Brick Wall

Brick wall is there to protect me.
Mighty, strong, and tall.
I always run into you.
You've never cushioned my fall.
Why are you so mighty.
Why are you so tall.
I wonder why they made you.
I wonder that's all.
Unfiltered. Uncut. Raw.
I know why we're here.
I know why we exist.
I know why we hurt.
I know only this.
So when I get scared of knowing the answers.
I'll lose myself in the questions.
Was I the one who put you here?
Now empty my head of these fears.

Empty

Empty promises.
Empty tears.
Empty because I held you here.

Out Of My Brain

I took the leap.
Out of my brain.
Spirituality can be diseased.
Balance is what I need.
An overview of the infinite and the infinitesimal.
Starting to feel at ease, managing to juggle everything.

Believe?

You must see it to believe it.
What you don't see can deceive you.
Can you see me in the corner of your eye?
Don't look! Am I standing there by your side?
Don't look! Can you feel my presence pass by?
Don't look! Who am I?
Well to summarise.
I'm an unknown.
Just a deserted passer by.
A living metaphor for time.
Black suit and black tie.
Astral courier service from the divine by the divine.
Almost always on time.

Fear

Don't be afraid of being open.
Don't be afraid of getting hurt.
Don't fear what you are yet to understand.
If you are afraid take my hand.

You Exist

Paranoia seeps in.
What if everyone's artificial.
A world created to be superficial.
What if it's some messed up moral test.
For some omnipotent abhorrent mess.
But, hey, we are lucky I guess.
We are so lucky, that some even suggest.
That we are hashtag blessed.
But let's face it, you're a mess.
You exist, I don't dispute this.
Even though your mind is closed in.
Life's too short not to compute this.
Even though your mind is closed in.
I don't dispute you exist.

Loving this.
Hating it.
Pausing.
Rewinding.
Replaying.
Repackaging.
Right now, you don't exist.
I'm sorry to tell you this.
In someone else's world that is.
You have no more opportunities to change.
It's sobering, no? That we still have time to grow.

Why do we exist?

Why do we exist?
Is it a cruel test?
I don't care for your best guess.
You're an alien to that I can attest.
Mathematics, pink dress, edge of thoughts,
multiplying stress, dizzy, delirious,
and did I forget French bread ?

I know you feel it when you're sleep.
Your conscience weaving possibilities.
The meaning of life.
The meaning of the meaningless.
A trillion conscience creatures could already exist.
They could all be living inside of your zit.

Live Aware

Live aware; don't get taken out by someone else's crosshairs.
Trust yourself with what's to come.
Enjoy every second.
The rising moon.
The setting sun.
Darkness turning to light.
Light turning to darkness.
The wonders of this world.
The power of people.
The power of organisms.
The power of defeat.
The circus of life must go on.

The New Age

Accept what has been done.
Not just the fun.
All the darkness.
Times when you're glum.
Don't hold onto the rage.
Just jot it down on a page.
Welcome to the new age.

Abyss

I put everything I have into this.
My soul, my sweat, into this.
The whole of what I have into this.
That hole we've created, abyss.

Morning Has Broken?

When I awoke.
Morning had just broke.
I didn't know.
How could I have known?
Today, was the day that we lost hope.
Eternal warmth.
We are solemn as we toast.
You were reality, in a world of dreams.
You were rocksteady, in a world of need.
You were a head full of dreams.
I cannot match what you've achieved.
You cared a lot even with the weight of the world on your shoulders.
You kept us aloft, so that we could reach the top.
Morning has broken? So why am I still asleep?
I wake up in a sweat, the morning hadn't broken.
Instead I was thrown from a hellish dream.
Powerless to soothe your perishing screams.

Don't Doubt My Love

Don't doubt my love.
I know I am but your youngest son.
But, don't doubt my love.
The cross you bear has submerged your feet into the ground.
You don't grumble or make a sound.
Even when they stone you or try to take you down.

Don't doubt my love.
I know I am but your youngest son.
But, don't doubt my love.

The older I get, the less I regret.
Don't take my strain on your neck.
Don't get lost in the nights and the regrets.
Don't get lost in the nights you can't get rest.
Don't doubt my love because I've never doubted yours.

Melodramatic Kids I

I've been banging on the barn door.
(It was barely a whistle)
Melodramatic is my default position.
(It was barely a whistle)
You heard my call.
(It was barely a whistle)

I was so lucky, I had a guided fall.
(It was barely a trip)
The tour was pleasant after all.
(It was barely a trip)
Rain-soaked sandwiches.
(It was barely a trip)

Melodramatic Kids II

Punch.
Clap.
Unclasp.
Trap.
Showers.
Borders.
Magic hoarders.
Envious powers.
A divine staff
An empire in decline.
Ready to collapse.
One second that's all.
To harbour all these thoughts.
I'm I a zero or I'm I a naught.
Did I pass the class?
No you've failed, come back next fall.

Melodramatic Kids III

We blossomed too fast.
Hours that were only short.
Have since passed.
Our decline was too fast.

Melodramatic Kids IV

Standing by the shattered glass.
In the line outside of class.
The dripping of the taps.
All the other kids laugh.
Just another melodramatic kid.
Spending your life in your id.
Never asking any questions.
Never time for second guessing.
Just another melodramatic kid.
I'm a zero.
I'm a naught.
No difference or so I'm taught.

Zed or Zee

Zed or Zee, I fail to see.
One. Two. Three.
Nonsense. Don't you agree?
A precursor for my genius.
Do you see? Lunacy.
Never mind, I've calmed down.
In seas, I drown.
Water breathes.
I'm homeward bound.
Freedom, peace, tranquillity.
Before being eaten by iniquity.
Wade through the streets of bones.
Drowning in the ocean of lost souls.
To the highest bidder you've been sold.
Just a construct.
A mere device.
Nothing more than a possession.
You are no longer free, you are now owned for life by the
transits of planets and the promise of being right.

Young/Old

Stars are reflective.
Scars getting infected.
Stories being dissected.
Ready for another dose?
Life being young.
Scared of the next rung.
Life being old.
Waiting to collect gold.

Values of Gold

The experiences that enrich you are too valuable to be sold.
It's personal, so for others it's too worthless to be owned.
On the shelf it sits growing old.
Why are we still measured by weights of gold.

Values of Gold II

Thank you for your service here be your gold.
Just enough for your service now that you're old.
Although I was present in presence.
In my mind I was gone.
Lavish gifts I bestowed upon thee.
As if my love was a noble decree.
Now that we're old.
I'm sorry it wasn't always gold.

Values of Gold III

Screaming mess.
Forget the day.
Forget the rest.
Where are you?
You need to get dressed.
Sorry for shouting.
Sorry for the stress.
You need to get dressed.
I'm walking out the door.
I'm not joking.
I'm 100 per cent sure.
All the chaos calms.
The silence breaks my heart.
Tripping over toys and pushing carts.
All the happiness.
All the sorrow.
All the parts.
All treasured in my heart.

A Widow's Reprise

Get out of my hair.
Your hypnotic whistle.
Your transient stare.
Gold is worthless whilst you're there.
I forgot, why do we care?
We never gave up.
We never gave in.
We never gave out.
I played it cool, I always do.
I can't get over you.
Half a decade has since lapsed.
I can still hear your laugh.
Get out of my hair.

Fit In

Everything is equal when it comes to your rights.
Sorry, Mr Surname I can't pronounce.
We must knock out your lights.
Try to blend in, try to fit in, then you'll be alright.

Connected

Intertwined, hands combined.
Souls seeping, the earth was once divine.
Our mortality is a mountain we climb.
Right now can be forgiven for an investment in tomorrow.
Equilibrium, is what we seek.
Are we too mild and too meek?
Too inflated by greed?
United or divided.
We are all still dying.
Trace your thread back.
Parents to Grand Parents.
Go all the way back.
Before earth, back to the 'nothing',
the 'nothing' isn't next,
unless that's how you'd like to rest.
Fragments of our energies will always exist.
You might not understand it.
You may never appreciate this.
There is no denying that you feel it.
We're all connected to everything in this system or so it seems.

More Than A Dream

I believe that within a century we will live amongst the stars.
Distant planets will still have broken hearts.
We are coming and we are unarmed.
Except for the knowledge we share and the love in our hearts.
So please don't be alarmed.

There's a freedom in exploration.
So hard when you have to serve a nation.
Would you sacrifice five years for a lifetime of happiness.
You'd be a fool not to agree, surely?

Shirley

Hair, tight and curly.
Always up early.
Cigarette, whiskey, go back to sleep.

03:09

Awaken by the sound of a mother screaming.
The lights are glistening for my christening.
Annually, we celebrate another ritual.
Another routine that has now become habitual.

Crack

Crack, I remembered when you first appeared.
Small, symmetrical, beautiful, albeit just a tear.
A little lake slowly running down your face.
Floating down the avenue then straight off the cliff into a
swimming pool of fabric; what a wonderful gift - you've
evaporated with all the elegance of an ascending soul.
I couldn't even hear you whisper as you passed my home.
My personal reels of films are still unclear.
This ship called life I couldn't steer.
This crack is now a black hole.
Beyond the event horizon.
All the laws dissolve revealing their lies.
Death is the end of this mortal tomb.
Will we be reborn in the womb.
My brother tells me,
"I've seen it all before.
A disease without any cure."
Still waiting and wanting to feel sure.

Random Intermission

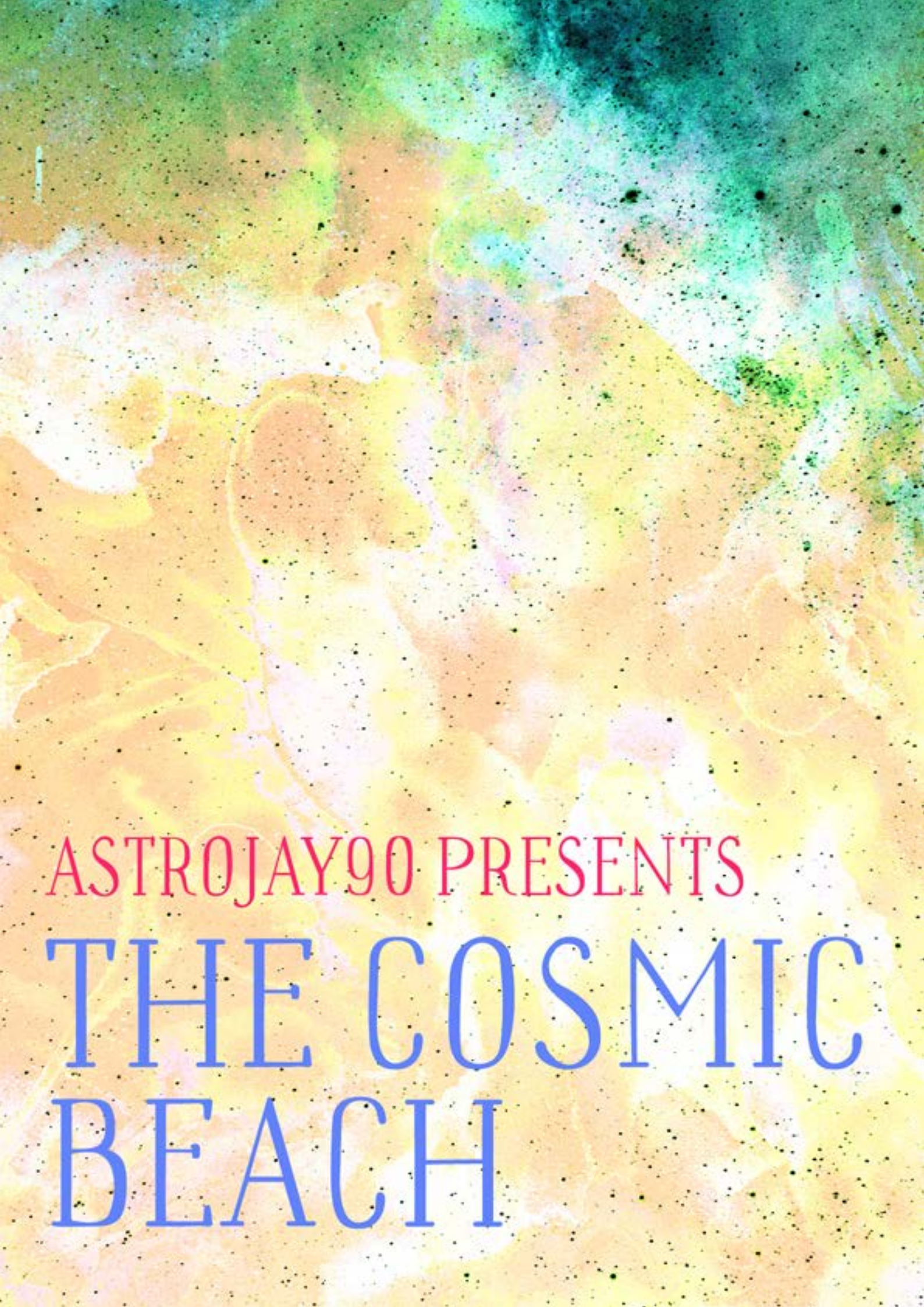
We are evolving.
We are glowing.
Where are we going?
Forever knowing, are we still growing?

The End or So It Seems

At any second the bomb can drop.
A life altering swap.
Put away your knife and take a stab at educating yourself on the past.
We have more channels to keep the hungry ghost from going insane,
We have more groups to blame,
We have more ways to be enraged.
How do we prove we are noble citizens.
How do we prove we are humane.
Parade him in the street naked.
Let him have his way with my blade.
Looking for balance in violence.
Oppression only buys a short silence.
We're all in pain, so let us ride the waves.
Only a blizzard of snowflakes will change this plain.

Tree

Place me in the earth.
Seeds and a heavy layer of dirt.
From my decaying mortality.
New life will spring.
If nothing else a tree.
To remind you of me.
To remind you of us.
To remind us all of the source and how it flows.
Left, right, above, and below.
In all the ways we will never know.
If we are breathing, we've still got time to grow.

The background of the image is a vibrant, abstract representation of a cosmic scene. It features a dense field of small, dark stars scattered across a bright, yellowish-orange nebula. Above this, there are swirling patterns of green and blue, suggesting a distant galaxy or a different nebula. The overall effect is one of a vast, colorful universe.

ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS

THE COSMIC
BEACH